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writing such a history, will induce him to prepare another volume, in which the topic may be fully treated. A translation or abridgment of the great work of Ibn 'Asâker, of which he makes such frequent mention, would be a valuable fruit of his residence and studies in the romantic city. At present, we are compelled to take on trust the literary glories of the reigns of the Caliphs. Comparatively little of their science, scholarship, and song is known to us. It is not enough that we have in theology the confused reasonings of John the Hermit, and in romance the uncertain legends of the story-telling sisters, to illustrate the name of Damascus.

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ART. III. — *Genealogies of the Families and Descendants of the Early Settlers of Watertown, Massachusetts, including Waltham and Weston; to which is appended the Early History of the Town.* With Illustrations, Maps, and Notes. By HENRY BOND, M. D. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 1094.

THIS formidable volume would challenge a peculiar attention, were it only on the score of its size and the fulness and thoroughness of its contents. If we apply the maxim, "In all labor there is profit," to the years of toil and of painstaking research which must have been employed to gather the materials for this work, we should have to take for granted, or be able to show, some obvious uses of practical good as served by the volume. For ourselves, we are personally no lovers of such tasks as Dr. Bond has here brought to an amazing result; yet we think we can put a fair appreciation upon the motives engaged in them, and, besides recognizing their interest for individuals, whose names and descent are recorded on the page, can discern some public advantages in them. We therefore love to have such works prepared. It is, we believe, a well-understood fact, that the "endless genealogies," against the study of which a wise counsellor warned a young disciple, were genealogies of æons and false divinities, and

not the pedigrees of mortals. This being admitted, there is no prohibition of the curiosity to trace our descent. If any one is not satisfied with believing that he had parents and an ancestry, without knowing their names and generations, he is at perfect liberty to inquire. He may inquire successfully, and even if he should fail to find any reliable and precise information, he may still fall back upon the assurance that he is a descendant, regularly or irregularly, in a continuous line, of a human family. Should it appear that some little infelicities have marked the course of his descent, — as, for instance, that some important dates are lacking, because those most concerned in them preferred to leave a generous indefiniteness about their history, — or that no wills are on record, for the good reason that there was no property to be conveyed by that method, — the inquirer must acquiesce. He has been investigating matters of fact, and matters of fact are of a very various character, pleasant and unpleasant, honorable and humiliating. A clerical friend of ours, not long deceased, whose humor was often most effectively struck out when the persistency or importunity of others rendered him impatient, went to the extreme of scepticism in this matter of genealogies. He had been annoyed by the frequent request of a female parishioner, whose ancestors on one side had been connected with his own comparatively ancient church, that he would search out for her the names of the parents of her great-grandmother. After a not very willing and a wholly fruitless search in his own records, he told his wearisome visitor that he could not answer her question, and he recommended her to put the question to a clerical brother of his, whose taste and knowledge lay especially in genealogies. "Oh," says the woman, "I have asked him several times, and he says he cannot inform me." "Well," replied the tired and indifferent respondent, "if Dr. P—— does not know who your grandmother's parents were, you must consider it as altogether probable that she did not have any parents, and that you have already got back to the beginnings of things which are veiled in mystery."

An interest in genealogical investigations is one of that class of subjects which are usually spoken of as connected with extreme differences of opinion, the one extreme excit-

ing a passion for it, the other viewing it with utter contempt. Yet it seems to us that there is a moderate measurement of interest in this pursuit which lies within the two extremes, and vindicates all such inquiries as worthy of an honored place among the topics which engage human beings. We cannot sympathize with the ardor and zeal, and the persistent patience of some persons, who seem to think that the one highest object for them to secure in life is to trace out their pedigree. The results of the most diligent investigation will never reward this outlay of zeal. Sooner or later one must lose the thread, the single thread, the fibres of which are spun by the lives of his own blood-connections, and consent to leave it undistinguished from the compacted cord which has worked in ten thousand such strands from all the families of men. There is a pleasant delusion of the imagination involved in the boast of some that they come of an "old family." The fact is, we all come of equally old families, and the oldest family of all is the very one from which all of us descend. But the boastful phrase is not really designed to advance a claim to any greater relative antiquity of descent. It is intended to announce that the line of one's generations is authentically recorded through a considerable period of time, and that the family name, connected with land or a structure, or with offices, has been honorably distinguished through its whole historic period. This is a fair subject for self-congratulation, as much so at least as is any other matter of boasting among men; for be it remembered that men are not apt to boast of what really accrues to their credit, on the score of their own personal deserts. The Frenchman who affirmed that he was himself an ancestor, was looking forward to receive from posterity the very kind of honor which descendants of great men think they derive from their ancestry,—the honor that is magnified by the medium through which it is contemplated. The gentleman who introduced himself to Mr. Dickens in one of our railroad cars as "the son of the inventor of the cold-pressed castor-oil," very probably did not know who his grandfather was, and so was content with the fame of a very short line of ancestry. The very large number of persons among us who claim a descent

from the first of Mary's martyrs, John Rogers, manifest but a trifling concern as to the undistinguished course through which his blood has flowed in reaching their veins, and they are content to rest their claim to family honors on him and themselves. Even in Great Britain, where those who have the slightest conceit in the direction of pedigrees rival Jewish pride in the matter of genealogies, it is confessedly difficult for more than some threescore families to follow their names and kinship back to the era of the Conquest. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, who, always excepting Mr. Pepys, has left in the record of his life the most marvellous exposure of the vanity and the foibles which men generally hide from their own consciousness, had a perfect passion for looking up genealogies. Having satiated himself with his own, he worked upon those connected with it by marriage with a zeal which drove him all over the kingdom to follow the scent of a pedigree. His discerning spirit was also bent at all times on "the main chance." The reader of his gossiping autobiography is sympathetically led on by him almost to the point of catching his enthusiasm. He tells us that such a "search of records and other exotic monuments of antiquity is the most ravishing and satisfying part of human knowledge." His curious anxiety to circumvent his widowed father in his attempts to suit himself to a young wife, is doubtless to be attributed wholly to his dread of any more quarterings of the family escutcheon and other belongings. Yet this unwearied delver into matters which time had almost forgotten, never could get behind the five-hundredth year preceding his own age.

There is an amusing token of class feelings, ruling passions, and individual characteristics noticeable in the era or date to which pedigree-hunters in Old England and in New England, respectively, are interested to trace, and at which they are content to leave, without further search, the root of their genealogical trees. Our New England people are, for the most part, content to reach the cabin of the Mayflower, or of one of Endicott's or Winthrop's vessels, and to find an ancestor there. They are willing to stop with him, as if the theory of spontaneous generation had been verified in him, and, like Melchisedec, he had had neither father nor mother, neither de-

scent nor beginning of days. It is only our modern genealogists, like Dr. Bond, who send agents to the mother country, or go themselves, to inquire into Melchisedec's ancestry, — to search into the old Puritan lineage with the help of such records as are to be found in parish registers and churchyards. But with Englishmen, the beginnings of things are found at the date of the Conquest. The New-Englander speaks of the first of his name who "came over" the ocean. John Bull applies his ancestral "comings over" to the passage of a narrower sea, namely, the channel between his island and France. Happy the man in England who can trace his lineage to somebody who "came over with William the Norman"; for it is the same as if, through one of "the dukes of Edom," and one of the sons or daughters of Noah, he had found his whole way back to Adam. Nor only so. Besides this convenient stopping-place, as if one in reaching it had mastered his whole lineage on the face of the earth, there is another very comforting conviction involved in this reference to the company of the Conqueror. All who "came over" with him are supposed to have been nobles, or at least knights. Gibbon asks whence — from what favored spot in Britain — came the eleven thousand virgins, whose bones, unhappily confounded with those of sundry dogs, cats, and sheep, are heaped in glass show-cases around the walls of a church in Cologne as a perpetual monument of their martyrdom at the hands of the pagans whom they went to convert. We might ask the same question concerning that mighty concourse of *nobles* who followed the banners of William. Where did they come from, and what were they before they came, and *seated* themselves in the fair possessions of the old Saxon Heptarchs? We appeal to such results as may be obtained by collating Domesday Book, Thierry's romantic chronicle, and the Comic History of England. We apprehend that Mr. à Becket, in the last-named volume, with the help of its grotesque plates, has come nearer to the actual verities of the case, and told more of the simple truth, than can be found on all the pages of the Herald's Office. It is altogether probable that the Conqueror, who himself carried, or ought to have carried, a *bar sinister* on his shield, had in his wake as ragged and forlorn a crew of scapegraces, loaf-

ers, vagabonds, adventurers, and scoundrels, as ever was collected together on the earth. Falstaff's regiment must have been a company of dandies in comparison with them, and that ship-load of ne'er-do-wells who "came over" in early times to Virginia, must have been altogether an exemplary fellowship of honest men when viewed by an eye that had seen William's retinue. So falls away the romance of the past, when we scan it too closely. So fades the glory of a pedigree that it is traced to an army of freebooters, hard-drinkers, and paupers. With the times and the men associated with the Norman Conquest came in most of those heraldic devices and legends which are attached to the shields and the crests of "old families." These armorial bearings have a dignified and honorable signification only in exceptional cases. For the most part, they are either hideous or unmeaning, or suggestive of deeds of violence, or of comparisons between the rapacious traits of men and those of real or fabulous brute creatures, birds of prey, insects, and even reptiles. The strong arm and the good sword are the most honest devices among them all. We would suggest to some one skilled in the science of heraldry, either to run a parallel, or to indicate a contrast, between these old Norman emblems, and those which our own Indians find suited to a similar use in their rude heraldry, made up of bears, rattlesnakes, beavers, tortoises, crows, and arrows.

We have hinted at reasons enough for qualifying any very passionate ardor in the tracing of genealogies. It is indeed an "endless" work. We are especially reminded of this, even when we turn over the crowded pages of Dr. Bond's work, concerning which we intend soon to speak in particulars. His work, as we have said, is remarkable for the fulness and thoroughness of its contents. And yet, strange as the assertion may sound, the more full such a work is, the more incomplete it is. The more elaborate its contents, in giving us the collateral alliances of the families which constitute its principal subjects, the greater the number of families of whose origin we are left in ignorance, while at the same time we are continually led away from a hold upon the main stem and the forking branches to the risk of falling off at one of the twigs.

We by no means mention this as a qualification of the high praise to which Dr. Bond is entitled, but only as an incidental disadvantage to which a genealogical register is subject, and which is necessarily more and more observable according to the expansion and fulness of such a register. Completeness being impossible, a laborer in such fields may not work upon them with the fullest enthusiasm.

But while these reasons suffice to moderate the interest of most of us in genealogical investigations, they by no means warrant the indifference, and even contempt, which some persons manifest for such labors. It is natural for us to wish to know something of our family lineage and ancestry, — to know the birthplace and the abiding-place, the calling and the fortune, the fate and the sepulchre, of our parents' parents, and of their parents. True, the large mass of each generation is made up of indifferent persons, among whom but very few were distinguished, and not all of them purely so. But it is a mistake to suppose that only a feeling of pride is engaged in this interest to trace our lineage; or perhaps we should say, when pride does mingle with the other sentiments that are enlisted in this aim, that pride has been taught a more expansive and a more just rule for estimating its proper grounds and materials. The sort of ancestry of which one ought to be proud, and the qualities or deeds of one's fathers which excite the glow of honest admiration, are more likely to present themselves to the regard of one who traces his lineage through a respectable channel, however humble, than to be instinctively apprehended by those, who, knowing their plebeian descent, are ashamed to have its stages pressed upon their notice.

It is, however, a foregone conclusion, that genealogies are to be hunted out and put into print, all through New England especially, and more or less fully in other parts of this continent. If we are not concerned to search out our own lineage and to trace our family alliances, some one else will be sure to do the work for us, because of its direct or indirect connections with his kindred. Within the last half-score of years many modest men have been surprised by the receipt of letters written to them by entire strangers, asking for a communication of all the known particulars of their kinships, pedigrees, matrimo-



nial alliances, and family histories. To some persons such a request is the very first suggestion to their minds of any concern in the matters involved, except simply as they relate to the living generation. It is fortunate that truer ideas of what constitutes nobility of lineage, and of what justifies a pride of pedigree, attend this rising spirit of genealogical inquiry among us. While curiosity to learn one's ancestry is satisfied by such records as are from time to time answering to the search for them, a just self-respect is gratified by tracing in the industry, frugality, and integrity of the fathers, virtues which ennobled the most humble stations. The proudest men and women among us, our statesmen, authors, merchants, and scientific men, with their wives and mothers, are content to refer their descent to plain yeomen who tilled the hard soil, to adventurous seamen who passed beyond soundings, and to mechanics who wrought upon the raw products of the earth. A great deal of ingenuity has been exercised in devising schemes and methods for presenting, by tabular arrangements or by typographical devices, the whole pedigree, the kinships and the side alliances of a family, for a long succession of generations. More than this. Some of the profoundest investigations connected with physiology, the laws of health, the entail of physical and mental and moral qualities, and the desire to promote longevity, are made paramount objects with many who have entered the most heartily into genealogical investigations. They thus recognize some noble practical ends, which relieve and cheer their otherwise aimless toil upon dry details.

We have seen a large and very elaborate volume just published, devoted to the memorials of the Shattuck family, one of the families that have place in Dr. Bond's work. The compiler, Mr. Lemuel Shattuck, who has devoted many years of faithful research to matters of town and State history, has here worked out in a most thorough manner the genealogies through blood and marriage of a family which has embraced in its generations a full share of the virtues and the honors of New England, some of the fruits of which are now the seed of a new growth in the Far West. Mr. Shattuck lifts his interest to the height of a scientific and philanthropic enterprise,

and his introductory essay may be read with great profit as a wise treatise on human life in general. His method, too, is a new one, and admirably suited to its purpose.

No recent attempt, of which we have cognizance, has been made for propping up the shattered argument which, till within the last score of years, was boldly advanced in England, to prove that the aristocratic distinction of a noble class, perpetuated by a law of primogeniture, is in harmony with the constitution of humanity, and of eminent service to all the interests of a state. Such pleas as these used to be offered in the argument:—that a factitious and conventional aristocracy may keep down the dangerous boldness of new men, with strong arms and cunning schemes and ambitious spirits; that human blood is really refined and invigorated and impregnated with high virtues when kept from contact with drops from the veins of laborers and artisans, and when intensified in its qualities by matrimonial alliances with the great; and that the separation of a class who may live easily and luxuriously in the enjoyment of exclusive privileges is highly favorable to that moral and intellectual culture which alone can advance the material prosperity, the literary fertility, the political welfare, and the scientific progress of a nation. These pleas are not advanced now because they have all been falsified. Any one who should venture to offer either of them, and to challenge discussion, would be met with such an overwhelming array of exceptions to his proposed rule, as to be driven to the confession that the truth is on the side of the exceptions. What sort of a show would the English House of Lords present, if all the “new peers” of the last three generations were taken out of it, and only the lineal descendants of the nobility of an earlier age were left? What proportion of all the Prime Ministers, Lord Chancellors, members of the Cabinet, and crown lawyers of the realm, for the last two centuries, has come from the ranks of those titled by hereditary right, and what proportion has been lifted, or have lifted themselves, from out of a humble origin? It is notorious that the blood of the commonalty has been of service, equally in replenishing the veins of the nobility, and in substituting new stock for extinct peerages. The court physicians happily have

had a word to say touching the boast of blood and the delusion which supposed that it derived virtue, health, and energy from being confined to aristocratic veins. How absurd seems the record on the proud and glorious pages which rehearse by far the larger portion of English history, that that realm, when the succession to the throne was impeded for its legal heir by a sentiment founded on religious conviction, instead of making a king and queen from among the multitude of its own great and good men and women, should have sent to Germany for such vulgar and stupid specimens of our race as Mr. Thackeray and Dr. Doran have recently portrayed to us! As to the plea that the interests of literature and science are advanced by the conventional privileges of an aristocratic class, — who would venture to repeat it with a list before him of England's starry names in the riches of the mind? Take the "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," so ingeniously made out by one of the same class, and compare it with the names in a good biographical dictionary. The comparison will not be carried very far before it is given up.

Some of the special pleaders in the polemics of the old Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain find a favorite theme in which they may enlist Providence on their side, by tracing the now broken fortunes of nearly all the families among whom the church lands were apportioned on the dissolution of the religious houses. That most of these once noble families are now fallen into decay, and leave sad memorials through which to account for their decline, is taken as proof of judgments visited upon sacrilege. But, without putting in the issue as it bears upon the creed, the facts which enter into it are eminently serviceable in showing that the laws of nature and of God, as regards the distinctions of talent, virtue, and true nobility, are not conformed to the conventional institution of an aristocracy.

One of the noble uses served by such laborious tasks as that which Dr. Bond has completed, is to vindicate the practical ends of genealogical researches. Of course the author does not bring his investigations to bear on any theory. He draws no philosophical or political conclusions from the methodical transfer to his pages of a whole mass of family

records. He does not aim to show in what proportions the patrician and the plebeian elements mingled in the original New England stock. He has not designed to serve even the honest pride of the descendants of the few out of his long roll of names who might claim the conventional honors of gentle birth in the mother land. He has simply undertaken to do what his title-page promises, to give us some "Family Memorials" of the first settlers of that large space of territory which originally bore the name of Watertown, now retained by only a small fraction of the territory. He has put a generous construction on the phrase "first settlers," and made it include some of the earlier residents whose stay in the territory was but transient. While some of the first occupants very soon left the place to be the pioneers of new settlements, their immediate successors in many cases remained, and have furnished the stock of a large proportion of the present population of Watertown and the towns adjoining. Those of its first settlers who engaged in the enterprise of colonizing new regions in New England, had descendants who in a later generation became in their turn pioneers of some of the more distant settlements in the ever-vanishing boundaries of that region which we call "the West." As the original Watertown was from the first settled by a more numerous population than was gathered in any other town of the Bay Colony, the dispersed descendants of its original stock have sent the ramifications of their genealogies all over our land.

Now the practical use of gathering up such results as the most barren lists of names when so methodically and systematically arranged will secure, is to make known to us of what sort of stuff the materials of a thriving, virtuous, orderly, and well-governed community are composed. De Tocqueville was the first of all our foreign visitors and critics who rightly apprehended the municipal organization of our New England towns, and had the penetration to trace the spirit of independence, the processes which facilitated our union, the capacity of self-government, and even the germ of our national Constitution, in the institutions which grew up so naturally and so quietly. Indeed, while De Tocqueville instructed his readers on the other continent in these mysteries, he opened the

eyes of many of our own citizens to the profound philosophy which underlies the facts of our most familiar observation. Much material for raillery and a bantering spirit has been found by the orators at our town celebrations and by the jocose lovers of the quaint chronicles of the day of small things, in the excitements and rivalries and distractions which so frequently attended "Town-Meetings." Revolutions which have convulsed empires have scarce awakened any hotter strifes or intenser passions than those evolved in the debates and quarrels of our sturdy yeomanry when agitating such matters as the placing, or the *pewing*, of a new meeting-house, the apportioning of "a rate," the laying out of a new road, the location of a school-house, or the "setting off" of a piece of territory from one town to another. Watertown had its full share in these intestine strifes, and the more so, because, as Dr. Bond makes very clear to us, some of its leading settlers had in them a spirit of liberty and of self-will — not a disorderly, but a wise spirit, nevertheless — which often put them at issue with the court and the magistrates, to say nothing of some of "the elders," of the Bay. Now, granting that most of these local disputes concerned matters of comparatively trifling importance, and that the passion connected with them was wholly inflamed by the debate, not at all by a rivalry of interests which would still be subsidiary to the public good, it was a great thing to have a debate, to teach an honest and well-meaning set of men how to use their tongues, how to marshal their logic and argument, and how to gain skill in the ordering of affairs. Those who learned the arts of rhetoric and oratory in these schools were prepared to take their seats in "the Great and General Court" of the Colony, and, in process of time, to form legislatures and congresses and conventions. The train-bands of our towns were under drill for the minute-men of the Revolution, and the minute-men served a use till an army could be organized. Nor has there yet been raised an issue in the halls of Congress at Washington, which had not been substantially anticipated under other circumstances and in reference to other parties, by debates in our colonial legislatures when they were composed of town deputies and public magistrates.

What with questions of "foreign policy" raised by our diplomatic relations with the Dutch on our borders, providing for warlike campaigns against Indians and Frenchmen and for self-defence, the organization of judiciaries, the regulation of the fisheries, amending constitutions, and intermeddling with the sovereign prerogative which relates to the currency, it might be fairly proved that our ancestors two hundred years ago discussed in their town-meetings every subject which now engages the tongues and the ears of the members of our national legislature.

It is of the men who laid the beginnings of a wise and a most successful scheme of self-government in one such community, and of the women who shared all their trials, and all their privileges, saving only the right of suffrage, that Dr. Bond has given us the "Family Memorials." If the object on which he must have bestowed several years of patient and devoted labor, wholly independent of any selfish interest, does not at once approve itself to all who are concerned in its results, we certainly will not undertake to plead with them for him. Here is a volume which tells all the known truth concerning the almost chance company of men and women who, coming together for one purpose, yielded all their strongly marked peculiarities of character to a paramount aim, the loftiness and purity of which indicate that the ruling element in them all was a noble one. There was among them no dull uniformity either in prejudice, superstition, or bigotry. Their many differences indicate their entire independence and their scrupulous fidelity to conscience. And curious it is to note how a skill and aptitude for all the needful forms of service required in an orderly community, as it seats itself for a permanent home in a wilderness, were developed in wise directions in its individual members. In leaving England, the first care of a company intending to exile themselves was to secure a "minister" and a "smith." Emergency and opportunity were expected to develop a practical talent for the various other professional and mechanical occupations of men. The "gifts," which might have lain dormant and wholly unexercised had the exiles remained at home, came out here to good purpose. The wind was too inconstant and fickle a work-

man to answer the need of early settlers, and therefore to dam the little tributary stream and to produce a miller became prime objects. Surveyors were made almost impromptu. Every good wife was expected to be a good spinner and weaver. One of the smaller but most essential articles which the new settlers needed was ink; for they knew that, as they were living for posterity, they must be men of records. On the fly-leaves and covers of books, and the backs of letters, and in epistles passing between friends, there are innumerable instances to be found of "*an excellent recipe for y<sup>e</sup> making of inke.*" The same emergencies and opportunities created excellent school-teachers, cordwainers, architects,—given to consulting strength rather than grace,—rope-makers, tailors, navigators, and a native growth of ministers. And all the circumstances of inherent quality and local condition and practical necessity developed a race of wise legislators,—men who could be trusted with authority, because they were willing to be subject to it, *when it was just.*

Sir Richard Saltonstall is the leading character in Dr. Bond's great book; and a noble man he was, and well does the fine portrait of him perpetuate to us his look and mien. The minister, Rev. George Phillips, who came with a diploma from Caius College, Cambridge, to exercise his gifts in the wilderness, exercised them to a good purpose. He deserves the credit—if there be credit in it—of being the teacher even of Winthrop in the true principles of the independency of the churches. In the lineage of the Browne family in England we find the celebrated but calumniated founder of the "Brownist" sect, and in the New England lineage of the same family are named honored and useful men and women who have spread themselves over the land to its great benefit and their own praise. Dr. Bond gives us some very pertinent and quite satisfactory information touching Richard Browne, over whom Winthrop leaves some shadings of report and opinion. Moses Brown, of Beverly, the merchant, and the patriotic soldier of the Revolution, was one of his descendants. This family traces its descent from a gentle pedigree in the mother country. So also do the families of Bright and Bond, who were among the first settlers of Watertown. Under the

record of the Bright family the reader will find an ancestor of good repute in England, among whose descendants here are our two Presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams. And yet, so exacting is the law of candor in a faithful genealogist like Dr. Bond, the register of the family contains this record: "Henry Bright, Sen., in the town record sometimes called 'Old Bright,' died in Watertown, Sept. 14, 1674, 'above a hundred years old,' according to the town records, and one hundred and nine years old, according to the county records. Owing to his great age and indigence, he was taken care of by the town for some time previous to his decease. His inventory amounted to only £2 9s. It included '1 pair of shop-shears,' rendering it probable that he had been a tailor."

We may not have treated with sufficient seriousness in all our remarks this exacting and painstaking pursuit of the genealogist. But as we have turned over the pages of Dr. Bond's volume, we have admired his devotion to an honorable and a useful cause. Though we have none of our own kith or kin in his pages, we happen to know of some of the families of numerous connections whose genealogies he has recorded at length, and the question has often risen to our minds, How could he, living in Philadelphia, have learned all these particulars so accurately? Judging, then, from his accuracy in cases known to us by particulars, we may venture to praise his volume highly for this paramount quality. If but a tenth part of the number of those for whom he has so diligently labored return him the slight recognition of their patronage, his volume will have a wide circulation. The historical information to be found in the Appendix is of the highest value to a larger circle of readers.